[Vol. 1.] THE [No. 44.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

FOR NOVEMBER 1.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 8, 1806.

MISCELLANY.

MONTESQUIEU.

Thus has the renowned Author of the Spirit of Laws drawn his own Character.

I have rarely experienced chagrin or listlessness. The temper of my mind is so happily framed, that all objects strike me with sufficient force to excite pleasure, but not with sufficient force to excite pain. I possess ambition enough to interest myself in the affairs of this life, but none to be disgusted with the situation wherein nature has placed me. Study has been the sovereign remedy against all the disquietudes of life, having never experienced any anxiety which an hour's reading did not dispel. I am almost as well pleased with fools as with men of sense; for there are few men so tiresome, as not to amuse me; and very often there is nothing so entertaining as a silly fellow.—I have always had a puerile fear of the generality of great men; but, when I have known them, there have been scarcely any bounds to my contempt of them.—I had naturally a love for the good and honour of my country, but little for what is called glory.—When I travelled into foreign parts, I felt the same attachment to them as to my own country. I took a lively interest in their welfare, and wished they had been in a more prosperous state.—I have thought that I discovered talents in men who are reported to possess none.—When angry, which rarely happens, I show it without reserve.—I have never seen a tear fall without being sensibly affected.—I am passionately fond of friendship.—I readily forgive, because I am not vindictive.—When any one wishes to be reconciled to me, I have felt my vanity flattered, and have no longer considered as an enemy the man who has done me the favour of giving a good opinion of myself.—I have never suffered my temper to be ruffled by tale-bearers; and would not take the trouble of hating. It is as impossible for me to pay a visit with and interested motive, as for me to stand on the air.—When I mingled with the world, I enjoyed it as if I could never endure retirement; when on my estate, I thought no more of the world.—I believe I am the only man who has published books without being anxious of

obtaining the reputation of a wit. I never wished to appear so in company.—I have preserved all my friends, with the exception of one.—I live with my chidren on the footing of friends.—Bashfulness has been the bane of my life; it seems to extinguish my senses, to tie up my tongue, to throw a clould over my ideas, and to derange my expressions.——I am a good subject, and should have been the same, in whatever country I had been born, because, I have been always satisfied with my condition and fortune, have never been ashamed of them, nor envied those of other men; because I wish for no other favour than the inestimable advantage of sharing in its blessings in common with the rest of my countrymen; and I thank Heaven, that, having given me mediocrity in all things, it has pleased to endue my mind with a spirit of moderation.—I wish to have unaffected manners, to receive as few favours as possible, and to do as many as are in my power. If the immortality of the soul *be* a delusion, I should, be sorry not to believe in it; for, I confess I am not so humble as the atheist: I know how *they* think; but for myself, I will not comprise the idea of my immortality against that of the enjoyments of a day. I am delighted in believing that I am immortal as God himself: and, independently of revelation, metaphysical ideas afford me a very strong hope of everlasting happiness, a hope which I will never renounce.

THE SAILOR'S MARRIAGE.

....Entering the only house of entertainment in the village, I was stunned with the rude and boisterous gaiety of the company it contained. At the head of a number of peasants, who were seated round a table, on which was a large bowl of punch, presided one of Neptune's sons, and by his side sat a plump, rosy-faced girl, covered with ribbons, medals, and rings. As I entered, the landlord rose to welcome me; and I desired him to let me have a mug of ale, and something to eat.

"Avast, there!" cried the sailor, "and bring to—Shiver me if any man has any thing aboard that I dont pay for. Come. my lad, bring yourself to an anchor. You shall mess with me to-day, by G—."

I was seated at the table, and compelled to drink a bumper to the health of the couple that were to be married.

"Yes," exclaimed the tar, throwing his arm round his neighbor's neck, and giving and taking a smack that went off as loud as a fourteen pounder; "Yes, Bet and I are going to grapple: we only wait for the parson to give the signal, and——"

Here he was interrupted by the clerk, who came to let them know that the clergyman was waiting for them at the church. I followed the procession and wittnessed the scene, that ensued in the church, between the parson and the tar. Every thing being quiet and orderly, the parson began, and presently came to,

"I, Richard Sprit, take thee, Elizabeth Bumfield, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer——" at these last words, the sailor made a dead stand.

"Say after me," said the parson.

"D——d if I do," cried he. "Avast, there——What, do you think I'm such a lubber as all that comes to?"

"Well," said the other, "if you don't say you will do this, I can't marry you."

"Well, I wont then," he replied, "for better and richer, if you will,—but d— me if I've any thing to do with poorer and worser." "Then we have done," said the parson. When the sailor very sulkily agreed to go through the ceremony.

A TRUE STORY.

The following is an extract from a letter from a young gentleman in South-Carolina to his friend in New-Haven—it is literally true—although perhaps it exhibits not that variety of *incident* required by the critical novelist—yet it draws a picture which cannot fail to interest the sensible heart, *viz.* the last moments of a young, beautiful, virtuous, and truly pious wife. *Witness.*

My Dear Friend,

To recount misfortunes which have afflicted our fellow mortals, and by the power of sympathy enlarge our own, would seem necessary to be avoided; and in this vale of sorrow to seek for contemplation, those objects endued with the power of giving pleasure: but this is not the case with many minds: to indulge a moment in the melancholy feelings of our nature is to me often a luxury.

To amuse you for a time, and beguile the tedious hours of absence, as nothing material to myself occurs, you will not refuse to accept the mournful narrative of an English Lady, who died yesterday on this Island. She caught the fever by going to Charleston.

England was the place of her nativity; and in the town of Liverpool, a large commercial sea port on the Northeast coast, she received her education. Nature to her had been liberal of her choicest blessings; to the fairest complexion and well turned form, she added a mind highly cultivated, together with the mildest, sweetest disposition. After having completed her education, during which time she was bereft of her parents, she reposed her sorrows and her fortune in the hands of her brother, who tenderly and affectionately loved her.

She was now at that season of life when every charm was exhibited in its most fascinating form; in the spring time of coporeal as well as mental beauty.

Many youths were sensible of her accomplishments, and were deeply impressed with that passion, to which we must all soon or late yield implicit subjection. Among the number was one whose modest demeanor and interesting disposition engaged her heart, and she received and returned a reciprocity of feeling; but, as often it is the lot of mortals, cruel fortune impeded their union: his condition being inferior to her's; the brother, induced by the sordid motives of interest, and base born pride, refused the youth, and to his sister proposed others who could adorn their persons with their gilded treasure, but would neglect the cultivation of their minds, and the affections of their hearts: whose motives were as impure as those of him who indulged them.

The young man, disconsolate, left his country and sought in employment, in the West-Indies, a solace for his woes. Fortune, which was at first unkind, here visited him with smiles; his business being crowned with success, he had occasion to visit his native country.

Little, however, did he think of the joys which awaited his return; curiosity, rather than cherished love, induced him to enquire for her who had once possessed his warmest affection—and how was he astonished, when he heard she was still single, and though importuned with suitors, and the request of her brother, she remained pensive, and dermined, rejecting every offer however advantageous.

Fired at the information and equal to support a partner, and believing himself the envied lover, he obtained an interview, and from her drew the soft confession; again he felt the powerful force of love, in mutual sincerity they exchanged eternal vows of constancy.

He related the nature of his situation; the business in which he was engaged called him to America; "at this season," said he, "it would be dangerous, perhaps fatal for you to accomany me. I go shortly to Charleston, South-Carolina—I shall again return and renew that joy which my departure shall interrupt; then sit down in peace, and with you reap the reward of all my toils." "And can your leave me," she replied; "what are connections; what the world to me, without the youth I love? Take me with you, and in your arms, under your protection, the billows of the angry ocean shall roll innocently around us, and the pestilence which walks in darkness shall pass me by untouched. Or if the worst befal me, if the louring tempest burst upon us, and whelm us in the waters—even there in thy embrace I should court death in his most hideous forms—Or should the cruel spoiler pierce me with the arrows of destruction, thy arm would support me, thy tenderness, stanch the wounds of feeling, and my situation be preferable to tedious absense, the continued solicitations of my brother and a hateful suitor." "O EMILY!" he exclaimed, "my proposal was the triumph of reason; long I had considered, long wished you my companion but the danger is imminent, and if you fall a victim to that fatal disease, emphatically stiled the stranger's fever, I should only survive to drag out a miserable existence. With what face also should I appear before a brother; I, whose imprudence had depriyed him of an amiable and beloved sister? O God; some melancholy presage warns me of misfortune, and I fear"—"Cease to fear, my WILLIAM; that Being who involves yon sky in frows of darkness, ever smiles on thee with kind regard."

A few months elapsed in giving and receiving mutual professions of esteem and unalterable affection; the time approached when he was to depart; having performed the ceremonies of marriage, with a foreboding heart, and feelings tremblingly alive to her danger, they set off for the harbour where they should embark. Prievious to their departure, however, a reconciliation took place between the husband, sister, and brother, and he bid them farewel as he left the ship, wishing the blessings of heaven might rest upon them.

Nothing remarkable took, place, during the voyage: the vessel smoothly glided on the bosom of the ocean; no storm disturbed their anxious breasts, but gentle breezes filled their white canvass and bore them in safety to their distined port.

The sickness in the town prevented their immediate residence there; the Island was fixed on during the danger which threatened.

Having occasion, however, to go to Charleston, she was taken ill of the fever. With the most painful solicitude, he attended her, and during the intervals of pain he would kneel by her bed, and taking her hand utter the greif of his bursting heart.

For four or five days the fever raged with unremitting violence, and mocked the efforts of medical skill. On the morning of the 6th she called her distracted husband, and thus addressed him: "Be composed my William—the last moments of my life have come, which I will employ in bidding adieu to the partner of my heart, the tenderest connection I possess on earth! From my earliest childhood I have felt impressed with the importance of religion, and the practices recommended by our Saviour. I am now dying; but no pain of mind distresses; with full confidence in the merits of my redeemer, I resign a life which, had it pleased God, I could have still enjoyed; and since it has not, I go with pleasure in obedience to his will. Many have been my faults; but I hope they are atoned; the veil is now withdrawn, which before enveloped every object——All things now appear in their real beauty, or deformity.

"My greatest crime perhaps is, I have loved too much—have placed too much reliance on the things of this world—have placed all my affections on my husband and brother, and have forgotten the God who made me; but in heaven there is forgiveness.

"Grieve not for me—it is done; the decree of heaven is past: I must obey. I am not afflicted; my prospect is not darkened; I go hence, and the places which once knew me will know me no more forever; still I am not unhappy; I behold the scene of opening bliss.—Console your loss, your disappointed hopes, and when you call to mind my early death, believe me happy.

"Finally, you are young, strong and athletic? perhaps a long life is your lot on earth, and happier days still await you; but amidst all your blessings remember, that—the hand which gave them can take them away; and, when the inducements of sin present their alluring aspect, when you are prompted to do a mean or ignoble action, hesitate and think on me—think on your dying EMILY.

"May the kind protecting arm of the Almighty be stretched out still, and guard you in your wanderings——And now farewell—the pangs of death are on me, and nothing can avail—Adieu! Adieu!"

* *

Then turning her eyes to Mrs. *Foster*, a lady whose virtues are celebrated thro' a wide circle of those who have seen and felt her beneficence—and Mrs. *Kershaw*, both of whom attended her death bed; she thus continued:—"I feel myself happy in having found among strangers, two such sympathising bosoms; and it much alleviates the pain of absence from those to whom I am connected by the ties of blood, to think that strangers could feel thus interested in my fate.

"After rendering you the sincere tribute of gratitude for your disinterested kindness, in this my sickness, you have this reflection, that a dying fellow mortal gasped your blessing in her closing agonies. My life is cut short in its morning and in grateful action I am forbidden to make a return; yet, the heart, for the few moments it has to beat, will beat for those so worthy.

Let me now call your solemn attention to the last request which I am permitted to make, ere decayed nature be exausted ; promise you will perform it, nor let me hesitate to declare it.

"Within a certain box you will find a purse ; within another a pocket book ; each of you take one, and without observing their contents, resign them to the flames ; tell my husband to give up the keys, nor ask a question ; tell him, EMILY requires, and asserts as she is about to appear in the presence of her Maker, that there is nothing which can tarnish her honor or her virtue.

"And you my friend and benefactor, Mrs *Foster*—I desire you to write to my brother ; inform him that I came at my own entreaty, and have been treated with the utmost kindness : that every assistance that was necessary, was administered ; that it was the will of heaven, and he must not repine ; enjoin it as the wish of his sister, whom he loved, to transfer that love to her WILLIAM, and accept him to his bosom."

She said——the veils of mortality were rent ; and with a gentle moan, her soul returned to him who gave it ; and on the same evening her body was resigned to its parent earth.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord ; yea saith the spirit, they rest in their graves, and their works do follow them."

SONG.——SAVOURNA DELISH.

Oh ! the moment was sad when my love and I parted,
Savourna Delish Shigan Oh !
As I kiss'd off her tears I was nigh broken hearted,
Savourna Delish Shigan Oh !
Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoulder,
Damp was her hand, no marble was colder,
I felt that I never again should behold her,
Savourna Delish Shigan Oh !

When the word of command put our men into motion,—
Savourna, &c.
I buckled my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,—
Saveurna, &c.
Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder ;
My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder,
Savourna, &c.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,
Savourna, &c.
All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,
Savourna, &c.
Peace was proclaim'd ; escap'd from the slaughter,
Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her,
But sorrow, alas ! to a cold grave had brought her,
Savourna Delish Shigan Oh !

ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

To sport with a heart, overflowing with love,
Is a crime of a nature I ne'er could excuse ;
If *engaged*, speak with candor, and bid him remove
His affections from you—but with mildness refuse.
Though you lose a kind *lover*, you gain a warm *friend*,
Who by means the reverse, would perhaps turn a foe,
Let *frankness* and *candor* your actions attend,
These are charms which no maiden should ever forego.

POETRY.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

BY SOUTHEY.

I know not whether it be worth the reporting that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Neots, a Well arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees, withy, oak, elm, and ash, dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby. *Fuller.*

A Well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town
At the Well to fill his pail;
On the Well-side he rested it
And he bade the stranger hail.

Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger? quoth he,
For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draft thou hast drank this day.
That ever thou didst in thy life.

Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.

I have left a good woman who never was here,
The stranger he made reply,
But that my draft should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why.

St. Keyne, quoth the countryman, many a time
Drank of this crystal Well,
And before the Angel summoned her
She laid on the water a spell.

If the husband of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he
For he shall be master for life.

But if the wife should drink of it first—
God bless the husband then!
The stranger stoopt to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

You drank of the Well I warrant betimes?
He to the countryman said:
But the countryman smil'd as the stranger spake
And sheepishly shook his head.

I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done
And left my wife in the porch.
But i'faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.

SWEET MARY NEAR THE HAVEN WEPT.

BY URI K. HILL.

Sweet Mary near the Haven wept
From which her absent lover sailed,
She there her constant vigils kept
With sighs and tears her loss bewailed.
The chilly blast her tresses waved,
And snow fell on her faded neck;
Oft would she ask is William saved?
Or is his vent'rous bark a wreck?

Oft did she ask the stranded crew
If William had survived the storm;
But not a sailor Mary knew,
So much did grief her face deform.
When leaping from the deck ashore,
Her lover prest her to his heart;
'Thy William lives, and will no more
'From these enchanting smiles depart.'

On a Statue of Venus by Praxiteles.

When Venus saw her statue plac'd
At Cnidos with perfection grac'd;
"Ah where, Praxiteles," she cried,
"Hast thou my naked charms espied?

SONG.——YO HEAVE HO.

My name dy'e see's Tom Tough, I've seen a little sarvice,
Where mighty billows roll, and loud tempests blow,
I've sail'd with valiant Howe, I've sail'd with noble Jarvis,
And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung out, yo heave ho,
Yet more shall ye be knowing,
I was coxon to Boscawen,
And even with brave Hawke have I nobly fac'd the foe;
Then put 'round the grog,
So we've that and our prog,
We'll laugh in care's face, and sing out, yo heave ho.

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was sniv'ling seen on the beach below;
I'd like to cotch'd my eyes sniv'ling too, d'ye see, to thank her,
But I brought my sorrow up with a yo heave ho.
For sailors, though they have their jokes,
And love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect must not come for to go;
So I seized the capstern bar,
Like a true honest tar,
And in spite of tears and sighs, sung out, yo heave ho.

But the worst on't was that time when the little ones were sickly,
And if they'd live or die the doctor did not know;
The word was gav'd to weigh, so sudden, and so quickly,
I thought my heart would break, as I sung yo heave ho.
For Poll's so like her mother,
And as for Jack her brother,
The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe;
But in Providence I trust,
For you see what must be must,
So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out, yo heave ho.

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,
For I've only lost an eye, and got a timber toe,
But old ships must expect in time to be out of commission,
Nor again the anchor weigh, with a yo heave ho.
So I smoke my pipe, and sing old songs,
For my boy shall well revenge my wrongs,
And my girl shall breed yound sailors nobly for to fight the foe,
Then to country and king,
Fate no danger can bring,
While the tars of old England, sing out, yo heave ho.

MARRIAGES.

At Beverly, Mr. George Wiggins, of this town, to Miss Elizabeth Lovett. Capt. Freeborn Thorndike, to Miss Nancy Lovett.

In this town, Mr. Joseph Howard, to Miss Anstiss Smith.

[The paper through which the Rev. Mr. Emerson's marriage was contradicted has since published it.]

DEATHS.

In England, Sept. 13, the Rt. Hon. Charles James Fox, aged 57, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—An eloquent orator, and an able statesman.

At Thomaston, Maine, Gen. Henry Knox, Brigadier General of the Washington Staff, at the close of the American war.

At Danvers, Mrs. Tamerson Dodge, aged 73, widow of Mr. John Dodge.

At Lynn, Mrs. Lydia Watson, wife of Mr. Joseph Watson.

In this town, Capt. William Patterson, aged 36. Widow Dorothy Williams, aged 74, lately of Marblehead. Mrs. Brown, wife of Mr. Timothy B. A Child of Mr. Elisha Doggett. A Child of Mr. Jeremiah Peabody.